

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more *German* to the matter if we could carrie a Canon by our ſides, I would it might bee hangers till then, but on, ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* Swords their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath laid ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it pleaſe his Maieſty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what flouriſh your nature will,

Cour. I commend my dutie to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſo ſir with his dugg before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breed that I know the droſſie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of miſtic collection, which carries them through and through the moſt profane and trennowned opinons, and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by yong *Oſtricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the Kings pleaſure, if his fitteſſe ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer, prouided I be ſo able as now.

Lord.

Prince of De

Lord. The King and Queen

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene deſires ment to *Laertes*, before you g

Ham. Shee well in ſtrucks m

Hora. You will looſe my I

Ham. I do not think ſo, ſir in continuall practiſe, I ſhall not thinke how ill all's heere:

Hora. Nay good my Lord

Ham. It is but foolerie, b as would perhaps trouble a v

Hora. If your mind diſlike their repaire hither and ſay y

Ham. Not a whit we deſie in the fall of a Sparrow, if it come, it will be now, if it be neſſe is all, ſince no man of c leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Trumpets.

King, Queene, and all the

King. Come Hamlet, cor

Ham. Giue me your pare

But pardon't as you are a Ge

And you muſt needs haue he

With a ſore diſtraction: wh

That might your nature, ho

Roughly awake I heere pro

Waſt Hamlet wronged *Laer*

If Hamlet from himſelfe be

And when he's not himſelfe

Then Hamlet doe's it not, I

Who does it then? his mad

Hamlet is of the faction tha

His madneſſe is poore Ham

Let my diſclaiming from a

Free me ſo farre in your m

That I haue ſhot my Arrow